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er's request) until arrangements are paid.
Poetry.
THE PARENT'S PRAYER.
BY REV. J. W. WILKINSON.

Following lines were published a few years
ago, and will find a ready and warm response
in every Christian parent's heart:—
"O God, when all my children sleep,
thy presence, gracious God, I kneel,
while the tears of gratitude I weep,
pour forth the prayer which gratitude must
love! Oh, set thy holy seal
on soft hours, which thou to me hast sent,
emulation, guard their better way,
thy pure spirit to their frailty lent,
lead them in the path the infant Savior went,
not for their eminence or wealth,
as in Wisdom's views, are trifling toys,
reputation, competence and health,
thy presence, and the lasting joys
is therefore; the passion which employs
beasts of holy men, and thus to be
at that table, or darkness, or destroy
strength of principle, forever free;
is the better boon, Oh God, I ask of thee.
world, I know, is but a narrow bridge,
narrower waters and from below;
I feel thee walk the wooden ridge,
creaks and shakes beneath us as we go!
if by accident, and thousands throw
in bodies heading in the hungry stream;
sink by secret means, and never know
a hand which struck them in their transient
dream,
wisdom wakes in death, and in despair they
dream.
lose soft feet, which now these feathers press
around the paths of ruin soon to tread,
ice, concealed in her unspotted dress,
to turn to her polluted bed—
foreseeing eye discerns a thread
able guilt impelling on their doom,
are them not—in mercy strike them dead,
pare for them an early welcome tomb:
for eternal blight let my false blossoms bloom.
of some useful path before them lie,
we may walk obedient to thy laws,
neither basking in ambition's rays,
pamper'd never with the world's applause,
yet humble, virtuous too, the cause
virtue in the dwellings where they dwell,
following where thy perfect Spirit draws,
leading others from the haunts of ill,—
this life, then let them longer live, 'tis well,
to teach me. Power Supreme, in their green
days,
I meek skill thy lessons to impart;
show the harlot, and to show the maze
up which her homied accents reach the heart;
I then to learn, without the bitter smart
ad experience, vices to decline;
treachery, falsehood, knavery, may they start
from a hidden snake, from women, wine,
from all the guilty scenes with which such scenes
combine.
give soft they sleep! what innocent repose
on their eyes, from other sorrows free,
sweet babes, the curtain I would not unclose,
I wrap the future from your minds and me;
Heavenly Father, leaving them with thee—
Whether on high or low may be their lot,
early death, or life await them—be
thy Guardian, Savior, Guide, and bless the spot
Where they shall live or die, till death forsake
them not.
Though persecution's arches o'er them spread,
sickness undermine, consuming slow,
though they should lead the life thy Savior led,
I, their deep poverty be doomed to know,
I never thou shalt order, let them go;
I give them up to thee, they are not mine,
I could call the swift winds to blow,
To bear them from me, to the pole, or line,
In distant lands to plant the gospel's bleeding
shrine.
When as the scrolls these heavens shall pass away,
the cold grave shall offer up its trust.
When seas shall burn, and the last dreadful day
store the spirit to its scattered dust,
then, thou most merciful, as well as just,
let not my eye, when elements are tossed
wild confusion, see the darkened, worst
of painful sights, that ever parent crossed—
Hear my sad, earnest prayer, and let not mine be
lost.
MY MOTHER'S BIBLE.
This book is all that's left me now—
Tears will unbidden start;
With faltering lips and throbbing brow
I press it to my heart.
For many generations past,
Here is our family tree;
My mother's hand this Bible clasped,
She dying, gave it me.
Ah, well do I remember those
Whose names these records bear;
Who round the heart-broken used to close
After the evening prayer;
And speak of what these pages said,
In tones my heart would thrill;
Though they are with the silent dead,
Here are they living still!
My father read this holy book
To brothers, sisters dear;
How calm was my poor mother's look,
Who loved God's word to hear!
Her angel face—I see it yet!
What thrilling memories come!
Again that little group is met
Within the walls of home!
Thou trust friend man ever knew,
Thy constancy I've tried;
When all were false I found thee true,
My counselor and guide.
The mines of earth no treasure give
That could this volume buy;
In teaching me the way to life,
It taught me how to die.

Agriculture.
CLEARING AND DRAINING MARSH LANDS.
Relieved from the pressure of other farm
work, we may now take advantage of the
dry state of our swamps to prosecute the
work of clearing and draining. The reclaim-
ing of marshes is a matter of much impor-
tance to those whose farms are disfigured
by such waste places. They are not, like
wood-lots, constantly increasing in value,
but are wholly useless, and often the source
of malaria, injurious to all within its in-
fluence. And when cleared and drained,
they become the most easily cultivated and
productive portions of the farm, often pay-
ing, in a single year, the whole expense of
bringing them into condition for cropping.
Ditching may, in most instances, be best
performed in Autumn, but the work of
clearing then commenced can be continued
in winter, as long as the depth of the snow
will permit. The bushes will cut easier
then—the timber of shrubs growing in such
places generally proving brittle when frozen.
In a black alder swamp considerable fuel
may be saved—the fine brush may be
burned at once, with proper attention to
starting and supplying the fire, or may be
left in heaps to dry until early summer. As
soon as drained and cleared most farmers
sow with oats and stock with timothy and
red top, with no other cultivation than a
thorough harrowing. A fine seed will soon
form, either for pasture or mowing—or the
land may be cultivated in corn, potatoes,
and different spring grains.
ONE WAY TO GET EARLY POTATOES.
A Gardener at Newton writes to a paper
of New York, that he gets good crops of
early (or late) potatoes as follows:—
He prepares the ground in the usual man-
ner, adding plenty of manure. He then se-
lects seed potatoes of good size, cuts them
lengthwise into four pieces each, and
plants the pieces eight inches apart, in
rows one foot apart. The ground is then
made level and smooth with a roller or oth-
erwise, and a good coating of salt hay spread
over the whole surface. The hay keeps
down the weeds, preserves the ground
moist, and perhaps furnishes some nourish-
ment to the growing bulbs. No hoeing or
after cultivation is needed—the whole is
summed up in preparing the ground, plant-
ing, mulching with salt hay and digging
the nice early bulbs.
CHANGE OF FOOD FOR ANIMALS.—The
kind of food for animals should be changed
frequently. A horse long kept on shorts
will be affected with a fever in his legs and
feet, producing a result similar to founder.
Shorts, corn meal or cob meal, should never
be given except in a mixed state with
cut hay or straw. This will require them
to eat slower and the food is better pre-
pared for digestion. If given alone, it fer-
ments rapidly in the stomach, produces a
fever, injures the digestive powers, and
finally produces a stiffness throughout the
limbs. When these results are discovered,
the remedy is a change of food. Contin-
ued feeding on oats alone will produce the
same results as shorts or meal, and as many
a founder, is caused by it as by feeding and
drinking when the horse is warm. If ne-
cessity compels a person to feed a horse on
shorts, corn or cob meal, a supply of salt
should be added to prevent fermentation in
the stomach.—*Western Agriculturist.*
TRAPPING MICE.—The number of mice
may be very materially reduced by trap-
ping them. They are readily caught.—
The little wooden traps, with a spring
yoke rising over a round hole in the side,
can be bought very cheaply. They are
retailed for about three cents each, when
having but one hole, and for six cents with
two holes. Two or three dollars will pur-
chase a hundred of the single hole traps.
These baited with a bit of cheese-rind and
distributed around an orchard, will thin
out the mice very rapidly. We have a lot
of them about the dwelling, garden, &c.,
and find them more effectual, and less
annoying, (especially at night,) than a
gang of cats.
AMERICAN AGRICULTURIST November.
THE MUCK-BED.—There is a "placer"
too often unworked, which contains untold
wealth to the farmer. It is a well-estab-
lished fact, that two loads of muck, which
may be generally had at the cost of drain-
ing, composted with one load of animal
manure, furnishes three loads of fertilizing
material equal to barn-yard manure. Let
not this means of increasing the product of
the farm remain unemployed. Add muck
to the manure from the stables, spread it
over the yards, use it freely. If sufficient-
ly dry, it forms a capital bedding material
for stable animals, absorbing the liquid
manures, and becoming thoroughly incorpo-
rated with the solid.
CELLARS.—Keep clean and sweet with
plenty of ventilation during dry weather.
Admit cool air freely only keeping from
freezing.
Continue to collect leaves, sea-weed,
potato tops, fish, weeds &c.

Selected Tale.
A SHREWD WIFE.
OR,
AN UNPROFITABLE TRIP TO THE GOLD MINES.
"I think," said Mr. Dana, as he pushed
back his chair from the breakfast table,
and looking hard at his wife, a pretty
little woman with large blue eyes, "I
think that I should like to try my luck in
California. Darn it all, every body is
going about here. Do you think you could
spare me for a year Nelly?" Mrs. Dana
made no immediate reply; she appeared
to be very busy turning out a cup of tea,
though a keener observer than her hus-
band would have noticed an uncommon
tremulousness in her hands, as Mr. Dana
ceased speaking.
"I think you would do well there," the
husband continued, as though speaking to
himself.
"Are you not doing well here, on your
farm?" asked the wife, at length.
"I'm making a living, perhaps, but it
is only by hard work. Now, if I should go
to California, and be lucky, why, we could
have a great many more comforts than we
are blessed with at present."
"We have everything that we could
wish for to make us contented, and I am
sure I sigh for no luxuries excepting
what I can afford," Mrs. Dana replied.
"Yes, we have enough to eat, and clothes
to wear; but we can't buy lots of good
furniture, and have a piano, like Squire
Bolton. Darn it, I want to be rich as he
is, and then I should be contented," said
Mr. Dana, rising from his chair, and
walking back and forth with energy.
"Mr Bolton is far from being happy,"
said his wife.
"Well, I know that; but then who
could be contented with such a wife as he
has? She is either crazy half the time,
or else there—"
"Hush!" said Mrs. Dana, with a re-
proaching look; "remember, if she has
faults, so have we all."
"But what I mean, Nelly, is, that if he
had such a wife as I have got, and with all
his wealth, he could not help being happy."
"And yet you want to leave a wife you
think so highly of," said she, with another
reproaching look.
"But don't you see that it is all for your
benefit and comfort in the end?"
You know, Nelly, that nothing in the
world would induce me to quit you, unless
it was the hope of making a fortune in a
short time; I wouldn't be gone longer than
a year; and if I liked the country, and
thought you would be contented there, I'd
send for you."
The young wife strove hard to retain
her composure, as she asked, "What will
you do with the farm while you are gone?"
"I will get my youngest brother to come
and live here, and carry it on. You shall
be left in full charge, Nelly, do just as
you please."
"Give me a week to think of it," the
wife replied; "at the end of that time I'll
make up my mind whether to consent to
your going or not."
Mr. Dana was too well pleased to obtain
even this concession to argue any farther,
and after bidding his wife to read the ac-
counts in the newspapers, containing the
latest news from California, he started off
to his work.
Mr. Dana owned a farm of about one
hundred acres, near the town of Windsor,
Vt. He was a young man, and a person of
considerable energy, and had during his mi-
nority, saved a small sum of money, which
he had safely deposited in the Savings
Bank, until such a time as he should want
to use it. After he became of age, he had
added to his capital, and when he thought
he should like Nelly Perkins for a wife,
and proposed to her, and was accepted, he
bought the farm which we find him occu-
pying, and was doing as well as any young
farmer in the neighborhood. He had been
married about two years, when the gold
fever of 1848-9 broke out, sweeping off
thousands of our most industrious me-
chanics and farmers, and leaving many a
heartbroken desolate, and many a wife to
mourn an absent husband.
After Mr. Dana left his wife, she washed
her dishes and put them away, and then sat
down to read the glowing accounts of the
gold discoveries. The more she read, the
more fascinated she became, until at last
she came to the conclusion that if she were
a man, she would be tempted to go and try
her luck. Twice during the forenoon did
she peruse the paper, and each time her
resolution of not consenting to her hus-
band's departure grew weaker, until she
finally made up her mind, if he asked her
consent again, she would give it. Mrs.
Dana was a woman of considerable mind.
Ever since she was a child, she had been
obliged to labor, and by her conduct with
the world, she had acquired a knowledge
of business, which did not, however, impair
or detract from the natural modesty of a
good woman's heart or mind.
A week had not passed before the hus-

band again alluded to the subject upper-
most in his mind. A company was about
leaving Windsor, and many of the young
men of the town were enrolling their names.
Mr. Dana thought that it would be a good
chance for him, as he would have acquain-
tances to lend him a helping hand in case
he was taken sick. His wife thought the
same thing, and delighted her husband by
giving her consent to his going. They
were not aware of the selfishness exhibited
in the gold regions, where every man
struggled for himself and thought, it waste
of time to help his feverish friend to a glass
of cold water, or make him a mess of gruel
to keep him from starving.
Mr. Dana's arrangements were soon
made. He had some money on hand, and
with it he determined to cross the Isthmus,
in company with his townsmen, as he thought
he could make enough after his arrival, in a
week, to pay his passage. They wrote
to engage steamer berths, and received
answer that the steamer would sail on such
a day, and that they must be promptly on
the spot. This news caused the party to
hurry up their arrangements, and on the
day before they were to start, Mr. Dana
requested his wife to accompany him to a
lawyer's.
"I am going on a long journey," he
said, "and may be gone longer than I an-
ticipate. I shall leave you on the farm, to
do with it as you please. If you get tired
of carrying it on, sell it to the best advan-
tage; I shall make money enough while
gone to buy a larger one when I return. I
hardly think I shall live on a farm when I
come back. We'll get a grand new house
in town, and live like Squire Bolton."
His wife thought at the time that there
might be a failure of his schemes, but she
was hopeful and would not say anything to
dash his bright anticipations. The day of
parting came, and with it tears and mourn-
ful looks, but it was not until Dana had
left the house, perhaps never to return, that
the young wife felt the loneliness of her
condition. For a week or two she was
low spirited and sad, but as she received
letters from her husband, in New York,
written in a lively vein, and bidding her be
of good cheer, as he should certainly re-
turn in a short time, she became more
composed and reconciled to his absence.
We will not follow him in the crowded
steamship, nor across the Isthmus, where
he narrowly escaped drowning while as-
cending the river; nor will we tell of his
arrival in San Francisco, and departure for
the mines, where he worked in the bed of
the river, and was quite fortunate, until
attacked by the fever and ague, which
nearly cost him his life, and froze him the
next. He would be in his tent, and wish
that the gentle hands of his wife might
wipe the moisture from his brow, or cover
him with blankets when shivering with
cold. All of his adventures might be writ-
ten out, and perhaps Mr. Dana will, some
day, give an account of his doings in the
land of gold. They will, possibly, serve
as a warning to other husbands, and per-
haps he may thus prevent many a heart
from mourning for the absent one.
Mr. Dana's fever got no better, and at
last the doctor told him that he had better
seek a change of climate, as he might
shake himself to death. Dana thought the
same thing, for it seemed to him when the
chills came on that every bone in his body
would be wrenched apart and when the fever
returned to him, he could imagine
himself in an oven. He considered the
subject one day and determined to start
home. A team was to leave Sacramento
City, and as soon as his resolution was
formed, he engaged a passage, sold off all
his clothes, except enough to reach Ver-
mont, and found he was master of five hun-
dred dollars, after working in the mines for
months. To be sure his doctor's bill had
cost him a large sum, and the doctor's bill
was frightful to contemplate.
He started the next day for home. He
determined to live a farmer and die one if
the Lord spared his life.
He had seen enough of the gold mines,
and as he was going in a cart, and being
jolted over the uneven roads, he thought
what a misery he had been to leave a com-
fortable home, and his loving wife, just for
the sake of trying to accumulate a fortune.
The jolting of the cart may have helped
him, for the fever rapidly left him, and by
the time he reached San Francisco, he felt
like a new man. He had half a mind to
turn back and try again, but he thought of
his wife and nature and love conquered.
He went immediately to the office of the
steamship company and secured a passage
home.
It was a cold, blustering day in the middle
of winter, when Dana reached Windsor.
He pulled his cap over his eyes to prevent
being recognized, and then started on foot
for his home.
He had heard from his wife but once since
he had been absent, and he hardly dared
to hope that she was well. He quickened
his pace, and came in sight of the house in
which he had spent so many happy hours.
He glanced over his farm and saw that ev-

erything had been well cared for. The
stone walls were in good order, the barn
neat and well repaired, and just as he was
thinking that his wife and brother had done
remarkably well, the train on which he had
rode from Boston, whizzed by directly
across his farm. He groaned in anguish
at the sight, as his beautiful meadow was
ruined, he thought, and all owing to his
grossest chase of a fortune. His wife could
not be expected to know how to attend to
these things, and he had no doubt but what
the railroad company had swindled her.
He approached the house and knocked
timidly at the door. It was opened, and
there stood his wife as handsome as ever,
but she looked at him in surprise; he had
forgotten that he had not shaved since he
left her. He spoke, then held out his hand,
then his arm. There was a shriek, and
the latter was filled.
Two hours afterwards they were talking
seriously and solely upon business matters.
"I am sorry the railroad passes over our
meadow," he said, "it renders it almost
useless."
"They have the right of way, but it has
not injured it as much as you think," she
replied.
"I don't suppose they paid more than
one hundred dollars for the land," said
Dana.
"There's where you are mistaken.—
They gave me twelve hundred dollars for
merely the right of way."
"I suppose they paid you in stock,"
said he, surprised to think she had got so
large a sum.
"Yes, they gave a part stock and part
cash," the wife replied, trying not to look
triumphant.
"And the stock, what is it worth? A
mere song, I suppose."
"I sold mine the very day I received it
at an advance. It is not worth so much
per share now. I thought I had rather
have the money than to trust to any un-
certainty."
The husband was slightly astonished.—
He had received for a narrow strip of
land as much as he had given for the whole
of his farm.
"And what did you do with the money,
Nelly?"
"I took six hundred and bought the
rich meadow of Squire Bolton. You re-
member how you wished to own it?"
Dana did remember perfectly well. He
thought of the land when in California, and
was in hopes of getting back with money
enough to buy it.
"The other six hundred and fifty dol-
lars I placed in the Savings Bank, where it
is now at interest."
"You are the best wife in the State,"
the husband cried with admiration.
"But I have not yet given a full account
of my stewardship," said she. "You re-
member the forest of pines on the hill just
back of the meadow?"
Dana nodded assent. He wondered what
was coming now.
"There is no longer any forest there;
I sold every tree just as it stood."
"Who was foolish enough to buy pine
wood?"
"The railroad company. They must
have wood to get up steam. They gave
me four hundred dollars for the privilege
of chopping down the trees, and I was
glad to get rid of them, for the purpose
of making a sheep pasture."
"A sheep pasture?" the husband cried,
in astonishment.
"Yes, it makes a very fine one. I
bought one hundred and fifty sheep, and
then had some money left, which I added
to that in the bank. Last summer I sold
four hundred pounds of wool at forty cents
per pound."
"That amounts to just one hundred and
sixty dollars," said Dana, after a slight cal-
culation.
"Precisely without counting the in-
crease of lambs, I think I did very well by
that bargain."
"You are a better manager than I am,
Nelly. Hereafter you shall be at the head
of the house."
"I thank you, but I am perfectly con-
tent to resign to you now that you have
arrived."
"Yes," she replied with a slight hesi-
tancy; "I have made one more trade, but
perhaps it is one that will displease you."
"What after my hearty welcome? You
can do nothing in future that I will not ap-
prove of; remember, Nelly, I have returned
to you poor in pocket, and none too well in
health."
"I will take such good care of you that
your health will be restored by spring;
and as for being poor, why, that is absurd,
when you have got a good farm, well
stocked, and nearly a thousand dollars in
the savings bank."
"Besides a treasure of a wife!"
"Thank you; but will you step into
the parlor and see the latest purchase?"
Dana followed his wife, and as she
opened the door, she pointed significantly
to a dark object in the corner of the
room.
"A piano!" cried he, astonished.

"Yes, a good, well-tuned piano. But
before you express your surprise, let me tell
you how I earned it. I sold all the but-
ter that I made during the last nine months,
and to tell the truth, that I was rather anxious
for, myself; but I never said so, and
until I found myself able, I never thought
of buying one. Now are you angry?"
"Angry!"
Mr. Dana has never expressed a wish
to roam again. He is perfectly satisfied
that he can find more happiness on his
farm, and in the society of his wife, than
he could if surrounded by all the gold in
California.
Extract from the address of OLIVER H.
SMITH, before the Marion County Agri-
cultural Society, Indiana.
My long, eventful life, both as a private
citizen and a public man, authorizes me to
say a word to the young men of the coun-
ty of Marion. Character to you is every-
thing—remember that your character does
not grow out of your position, employment,
profession, or avocation in life, nor attach
to you, in this country, from family con-
nections, or independent of your habits
and conduct, but it is formed upon the
unerring basis of all the elements that
make the character of the wise, the virtu-
ous, and the good. If you desire the re-
spect of your fellow-citizens—if you wish
a character that will aid you through life
—let one who has tried the depths and
shoals of private and public life advise you
as he would his only son, to look well to
the formation of your character—be honest
in all things, be industrious, be open
and candid in your intercourse with others—
cunning and deception may succeed for
the time, but they will fail in the end. Let
every act of your life be marked by strict
integrity. Never promise what you have
not a reasonable probability of performing.
Touch not the intoxicating bowl—it is
attended through life by nothing but ruin
—it is not necessary for any purpose—
I have tested it fully. I am now about six-
ty-two years of age, and have lived near
fourty years in Indiana. I have been ex-
posed to the climate and settlement of a
new country—I have been more subjected
to temptations, in high and low life, than
most men, yet I have never been intoxi-
cated in my life; nor in the last forty years
have I drank a drop of spirituous liquor.
During the eight years I served in the
House of Representatives and the Senate
of the United States, my habits were the
same. I have frequently pledged the Pres-
ident, and Foreign Ministers, in a glass of
water, while the wine was sparkling around
me. During this long life, I have not been
confined to my bed a week, altogether, by
sickness, and have never had better health
in my life than at present. I look around
me for my contemporaries who indulged
freely in the intoxicating cup, and find
them, with very few exceptions, in prema-
ture graves. Avoid cards, as you would
your own destruction; the gambler, his
character and associations, are avoided by
all good men. Guard well your morals.—
In early life fix your religious principles
upon a safe foundation. If I had but
three rules to lay down for my son, after a
long life of experience and extensive inter-
course with my fellow-men, they would be:
1st. Total abstinence from intoxicating
liquors. 2d. Never even learn to play
cards, and if you have learned, abandon
the game at once and forever. 3d. Never
be absent from church, when able to at-
tend. These three rules, honestly adhered
to, the other elements of a good character
will follow.—*Indiana Farmer.*
One Blank in the World Unfilled.
If we die to-day the sun will shine as
brightly, and the birds sing as sweetly,
to-morrow. Business will not be suspended
a moment, and the great mass will not
bestow a thought upon our memories. Is
he dead? will be the gloomy inquiry of a
few, as they pass to their work. But no
one will miss us except our immediate
connections, and in a short time they will
forget us and laugh as merrily as when we
sat beside them. Thus shall we all, now
active in life, pass away. Our children
crowd close behind us, and they will soon
be gone. In a few years not a living being
can say, "I remember him." We lived
in another age, and did business with those
who slumber in the tomb. Thus life.—
How rapidly it passes.
Kid Gloves.
Comparatively a few of the immense
number of gloves sold as "Kid" merit
that designation. White dress-leather
gloves, both for gentlemen and ladies, are
very frequently—indeed, most frequently
—made of lamb skin. Dark-colored leather
gloves are frequently made of lamb-
skin, dog-skin, and calf-skin—only high
priced gloves being really made of kid skin.
It is stated that many of the very finest
ladies' gloves are manufactured of rat-
skin.
Choose your friend early, because life is
short.

Historical.
MEMOIR OF RHODE ISLAND.
1670.
Randal Holden, do.
Samuel Gorton, do.
Samuel Gorton Jr. do.
Jno Coggeshall, Recorder.
James Rogers, Sergeant.
Peter Easton, general Treasurer.
Walter Clarke, Attorney.
Robert Williams, Solicitor.
DEPUTIES.
Newport. Caleb Carr, Peter Easton, Dan-
iel Gould, John Wood, Thomas Clifton,
Nicholas Easton.
Providence Wm Carpenter.
Stephen Arnold, Thomas Only, Jun. Ed-
ward Smith.
Pawtucket. George Lawton, Samuel
Walbour, Gideon Freeborn, Francis Bray-
ton.
At this election, seven members of the
House of Magistrates were chosen; and
those turned out were principally of the So-
ciety of Friends. Notwithstanding the
Governor elect was of that society, the
people were more inclined to energetic war
measures than had been taken by the last
Assembly.
This Assembly ordered that ten barrels
of powder, and two thousand weight of lead
to be purchased for the Colonies use.
Major John Cranston was authorized to
appoint all the military officers under him
for the whole year.
Several of the freemen of the town of
Providence petitioned the Assembly for
garrison or garrisons to be kept in said
town at the charge of the colony. A com-
mittee was appointed to go to Providence
and there to determine "whether garris-
ons should be kept there, at the charge of
the colony, and the place or places where
they shall be kept, or whether any at all."
The Assembly adjourned, and met
again on the 14th of June 1677.
Voted upon the presentation of sev-
eral of the inhabitants of the town of Pro-
vidence to this assembly for settling of gar-
risons in said town, the Assembly well re-
specting the matter and upon serious con-
sideration and debate, do order and declare
for the maintaining of the King's interest
in this colony of Rhode Island and Pro-
vidence Plantations, and according to the
trust reposed in us by his Majesty, in his
charter granted; that one garrison shall
be settled at said town of Providence, con-
sisting of seven men with a commander,
which shall make up eight; the said sev-
en men shall have allowed them six shil-
lings a week a man, money pay, and the
commander shall have in same specie
twelve shillings, all which charge to be
paid by said colony, and the house—the
commissioners (hereafter mentioned or the
major part of them) shall appoint to be the
garrison house, the owner of that house
shall find two men (to make the aforesaid
number ten) and to maintain them at his
own cost and charge, but in case the ap-
pointed garrison house should be destroyed
or burnt by the enemy, (notwithstanding
their care and diligence to prevent it, pro-
vide, the two men put in by the owner of
the house, shall have allowed them the
same satisfaction as the aforesaid seven
men is allowed, that is to say, six shillings
per man a week, to be paid by the afore-
said colony. The Commissioners appointed
are Mr. Roger Williams, Capt. Arthur
Fenner, Mr. William Harris and Mr. Geo.
Lawton, or major part of them, who are
with all possible speed desired, and required
to repair to the said Providence, and there
take special view of all the garrisons in
said Providence, and that garrison they
judge most convenient, they are to declare
to be the King's garrison, and to set up and
use at the charge of the colony the King's
colours there, and what else garrison, or
garrisons shall be set by any belonging to
the said town, shall be at their proper cost
and charge, and shall be observant and
subject to said King's garrisons. And for
the better management of the premises, this
Assembly do ordaine and constitute Capt.
Arthur Fenner to be the present Captain,
who shall have a commission for that pur-
pose, and if said Captain hath at any time
a desire to remove from said garrison (or
at his pleasure and discretion,) he hath
hereby full power given him to nominate
and appoint another Captain, or Lieuten-
ant, in his room, out of the same garrison
aforesaid, which Captain or Lieutenant so
nominated and appointed, have the said
commission assigned or a copy to him by
said first Captain, it shall be authentic,
and of as full force and power for him to
act in the premises, as if he were originally
granted to him by the Assembly. Further,
this Assembly do order that one great gun
belonging to the owners of the ship New-
port, shall be by warrant from the Govern-
or present and ordered to be sent to said
Providence, to be placed in the said gar-
rison, with fifty pounds of powder, and one
hundred weight of lead; which said pow-
der and lead is not to be embezzled, but
to be kept for a reserve against a time of
need to repulse the enemy.

The Order of Dannebrog, proffered to LIEUTENANT MATHY, by the King of Denmark, has been declined by that gentleman, on the ground that the laws of the United States does not allow any of its officers to accept decorations or titles from foreign potentates.

The Chief Engineer of the Boston Fire Department, ELISHA SMITH, Jr., died on Monday last; Wednesday his funeral was attended by one thousand firemen.

that the revolutionists at Puebla had been vanquished. The sale of church property progressed daily. Comonfort was still popular. Mr. Forsyth, U. S. minister, had been presented to the president.

At a fair down east, the reporter, under the head of Domestic Arrangements, gives the following item :—Best bed comforter—Miss Susan Thompson."

It is understood in fashionable circles abroad, that Queen Victoria proposes to enlarge the royal family of England in February.

It is alleged that the Governor of Cuba receives \$51, and has two deputies \$25 each, for each negro landed from slavers in that island.

This singular request was complied with and he was buried in a cavity of a cliff at the depth of 666 feet.

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